

HIS HOUSE

Written by

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EXT. SEA - DAY

BOL (V.O.)

YAYA!!

BOL (28): Jet black skin, Pronounced, attractive features.  
He walks on a wide open ocean.

White sunlight beaming down. The ocean rippling softly. Water  
to infinitum, no sight of land...

*Walks on a wide open ocean?* He wades through the water,  
seeming only to be a foot deep.

The water sloshes at his legs as he pushes through.

BOL

YAYA!!

His voice echoes across the horizon. He is searching for  
someone, casting his gaze in all directions, and in all  
directions, an endless sea.

BOL (CONT'D)

YAYA!!

He spots something.

In the far horizon, the figure of a child. Perhaps 8 or 9.  
Standing still in the water. Backlit, they are in shadow.  
Perhaps looking at Bol.

BOL (CONT'D)

YAYA!!

Relieved, *roused*, He propels towards the child. Gathering  
pace.

Quicker and quicker.

The child edging closer,

And closer.

*Walking on a wide open ocean?*

As Bol runs, this begins to unnerve him.

How is this possible?

He begins to look down.

Through the sloshing water we begin to see...

Bodies.

Black bodies,

More and more bodies, under the water.

*Walking on a wide open ocean because the sea is filled with bodies.*

Bol screams,

Terrified.

He runs faster...

...Unable to escape the bodies beneath him.

*Smash...*

INT. HOSTEL BEDROOM - DAY

*The sound of glass smashing, in a distant room.*

Bol sleepily opens his eyes. Awoken by the sound. Head nestled into bed sheets, he had been sleeping.

He looks around sheepishly.

ZAINAB

You was dreaming...

Zainab (28) is standing by the window. Previously gazing out the window, she now watches Bol. Dark skin, curly hair pulled back. As beautiful as Bol is handsome.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

What did you dream about?

Bol wipes his face. A little embarrassed. He needs a moment.

He puts on a somewhat unconvincing smile.

BOL

Our wedding day.

Zainab stares at Bol, a fraction of disappointment at his teasing lie. She turns to the window again.

ZAINAB

(Beat - dryly)

Explains the screams.

Bol watches her. A smile is raised. Zainab raises one in return. Two lovers.

They return to themselves. And we begin to reveal the space:

*We now notice the small window has bars.*

Optimistically coloured ikea furnishing.

This is a small and boxy room, we are in a cell-like space in a detention centre.

Lying on a bed opposite, a young African man (THE CAMEROONIAN) Back turned to us, and vaguely scratching his back. A life held in suspended animation.

The muffled sound of urgent footsteps.

And muffled sounds of men shouting.

An Iraqi man screaming back. An argument...

*...and yet:* Bol doesn't flinch.

Zainab remains staring out the window.

The Cameroonian remains staring at the wall.

*This is everyday life.*

A whistle at the door. The door opens. A middle age man steps into their room.

DETENTION CUSTODY OFFICER  
You are wanted in recreation.

Bol flinches, he lifts himself up a little. Zainab turns towards the officer.

BOL  
Why?

The Officer has already left.

Bol and Zainab stare at the empty door.

Then to each other.

*This is new.*

INT. HOSTEL BEDROOM - DAY

The Cameroonian, whilst still lying on the bed, stares past the camera, bemused:

Bol and Zainab are hastily dressing. Swapping their clothes for cleaner, fresher ones.

Bol buttons up his shirt, covering a deep, year old scar across his collar bone. Zainab puts on a necklace, beautiful and pearl like.

Bol moisturises his face, whilst Zainab combs through her hair eagerly.

Zainab sticks her finger in what's left of a small container of makeup. She reddens her lips.

*All the while, the continued shouting and screams of men confronting an Iraqi man.*

ZAINAB

Come here.

She rubs some of the red makeup between her fingers and begins to pat it on Bol's cheeks. Simultaneously Bol tidies a little unruly patch of Zainab's curly hair.

They look at each other nervously.

THE CAMEROONIAN

Don't get your hopes up. They will  
send you back to die, like the  
bastards always do.

Zainab and Bol ignore him.

Bol takes Zainab's hand in his, and gently squeezes her thumb.

INT. DETENTION CENTRE HALL - DAY

Zainab and Bol leave their room, and move through a hall. We are in a bland government institutional building.

The room next door is revealed to be the source of all the screaming and shouting:

An Iraqi man is being pinned down on the floor by two muscular officers. In his hand a shard of mirror glass. His neck is bleeding. The officers are trying to wrestle the glass from him.

He screams at them furiously. Defiantly.

Bol and Zainab ignore him.

INT. SPORTS HALL - DAY

Bol and Zainab sit in a large and spacious sports hall. Almost as if being auditioned, they sit before a table with two case officers, and a G4S officer at the door. They look small, dwarfed by the grossly underused sports space.

No one speaks.

The LEAD OFFICER is reading papers.

*Swoosh, swoosh.* The G4S officer on their phone continues to send email after email.

The SECONDARY OFFICER looks up at them suddenly. Bol and Zainab immediately holster up cartoon smiles.

The secondary officer doesn't reciprocate, instead they whisper to the lead officer.

SECONDARY OFFICER  
(whispers)  
What about the child?

The lead officer whispers back, shaking his head.

Zainab must have heard, she flinches, her performance momentarily broken.

She studies the secondary officer carefully. Thoughtlessly returning to their phone. Not a concern in the world. They yawn. A quiet judgement passes over her.

Finally...

LEAD OFFICER  
So...

The lead officer looks up. He smiles a warm smile.

Bol and Zainab refresh their expressions. The smiles of weary salespeople.

The lead officer signs a piece of paper.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
This is yours.  
(Beat)  
Congratulations. The Home Office  
have granted you permission of a  
temporary place of stay. You're  
free to leave.

There is pause. Bol and Zainab's plastic smiles become real ones. They look at each other. They laugh. Utter, beautiful, relief.

BOL  
Thank you, Thank you.

ZAINAB  
Thank you.

Another laugh sneaks out of Bol. He exhales with relief. Zainab smiles.

The lead officer watches the couple incredulously. That warm smile of his begins to recede.

LEAD OFFICER  
I hope you haven't misunderstood me  
Mr Dut. This is not citizenship.  
(MORE)

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)

My purpose today is to make wholly clear, in the eyes of the law, you are still very much an alien.

(Beat)

You are still under review. You do not yet have the same rights and privileges of a legal citizen. Do you both understand?

Their smiles fade. Bol digests what has just been said.

The lead officer suddenly looks down at some more papers.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)

Now. There are conditions. Listen carefully please.

Bol and Zainab nod.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)

You will be sent to a home of our choosing, where you must remain for the entirety of your review. Breach of this will lead to your immediate deportation irrespective of your claims of persecution. A yes if you understand.

There is a pause. Suddenly Bol and Zainab realise he is waiting for a response.

	BOL		ZAINAB
(beat)		Yes	
Yes			

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)

You will be given weekly financial support of 74 pounds total. You do not have permission to work. To do so, or to supplement your earnings by any other means will result in your immediate deportation irrespective of your claims of persecution. A yes if you understand.

	BOL		ZAINAB
Yes		Yes	

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)

You will be reviewed weekly by a case officer. You must not miss a single review. To do so will result to your immediate deportation irrespective of your claims of persecution. A yes if you understand.

BOL  
(Beat)  
We are good people Mr Davis.

LEAD OFFICER  
A yes if you understand?

Bol flinches at being ignored.

BOL  
Yes.

ZAINAB  
Yes

LEAD OFFICER  
Whether or not you are good  
people... it's not me who you need  
to convince.

The LEAD OFFICER returns back to his papers and begins to read the last lines of his document, with the enthusiasm of a tired factory worker.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Congratulations on a successful  
application, we are here with you  
on your brave new steps... Bla bla  
bla... Drive on the left, queue on  
the right, on behalf of her  
majesty, welcome to England.

He signs aggressively on the paper.

Bol and Zainab are left confused how to feel.

TITLE CARD: HIS HOUSE

EXT. DETENTION CENTER ENTRANCE - DAY

A G4S security van.

Zainab and Bol, each holding a bin bag of personal items.  
They are shivering in the grey British weather.

Zainab studies her surroundings.

ZAINAB  
(To G4S security men)  
Where are we going?

The men ignore her and get into the drivers compartment of the van.

Zainab turns to Bol. He shrugs, not as concerned as Zainab.  
They clamber into the back of the van.



A G4S officer shuts the door behind them. The van roars to life, and begins it's journey.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The G4S van rushes through the English countryside.

We pass over fields,

Over woodlands,

Factory, factory, farms and quarries.

Bol stares through the window.

He winds it down.

DIVER

It's fucking freezing.

Bol ignores him, he's smiling.

The van drives to a stop. A billboard arrives in front of Bol, towering over him.

An advertisement, with a perfect white English family, beaming down at him.

Bol looks up at the advert.

It casts a long shadow.

EXT. ENGLISH TOWN - DAY

We move through into a town.

Rows and rows of identical suburban houses. Working class, early 20th century, a sense of abandonment.

We are in a sleepy, post industrial town. A mysterious soup of dull modern build and ancient townscape.

Trees that look thousands of years old... and hastily built petrol stations... One choking on the other.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The van parks outside a house, in a street full of identical houses.

Sitting on the brick fence, is MARK (middle aged, lazily suited, a little forlorn)

With mild apprehension, Zainab and Bol step out. They look up at their new home.

MARK  
(a professional smile)  
Morning. Hi.

Zainab and Bol turn from the house to Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Can you speak English?

Mark has a nervous, somewhat anti-social politeness, a person naturally nervous around strangers.

BOL  
Yes.

MARK  
Good. I'm Mark. I'm your landlord.  
Bol and Zainab?

Mark hurriedly shakes their hands. They nod a 'yes'.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Hello hello. Welcome.

He then bends down and picks up a cardboard box.

MARK (CONT'D)  
This is yours.  
(Beat)  
A welcome pack.

Mark lumps the box with Zainab.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Shall we go inside -  
Amazing isn't it.

Bol and Zainab looks up at the house.

Heavily dilapidated, paint peeling, other people's rubbish fills the drive. It's not a happy house.

Zainab spots something: The neighbour, an older white woman. Staring from the window.

STARING.

MARK (CONT'D)  
You get the prize hen. Normally it would be half the size with twice as much of you in it. But all this is yours.

They walk towards the door.

BOL  
Why are we so special?

Mark shrugs. He pulls the keys out his pocket.

MARK

I guess you won the jackpot.

He goes to put the keys in the door. The door collapses indignantly backwards, one of the hinges has come lose.

Bol jumps, Mark smiles nervously.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Zainab and Bol, followed by Mark, move into the house. They cast their gaze across the space.

A blandly decorated space. The kind of unimaginative and dull decor designed to endure rather than love.

MARK

A new, modern professional  
refurb...

Mark turns on the light. FLASH. The bulbs burst. Mark smiles nervously again.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'll get my boys to fix that.

Zainab and Bol move more into the space. Waste everywhere, perhaps squatters or animals or drug users or horny teenagers.

As they move through Mark reads out the rules, stuck on a notice board by the stairs.

MARK (CONT'D)

No candles. No smoking. No animals.  
No pets. No guests. No friends. No  
parties. No smoking...

Bol moves into the kitchen. He looks up, an actual gaping hole in the ceiling.

Bol treads over the littered floor carefully. As a foot lands on a piece of loose flooring, bugs scurry away.

He turns to Zainab, who also notices the scurrying bugs. She likewise hasn't flinched.

Zainab looks at him.

They smile hopefully at each other.

They can deal with this.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Mark is sitting on the stairs, sheets of papers on his lap and on the stairs.

Bol is kneeling down with a pen. They are signing papers.

Bol's pen hovers over the papers.

MARK

Sign there.

(Beat)

And here.

(Beat)

That's a confident signature.

BOL

I work for a bank.

(an unexpected tug of pathos)

*Worked* for a bank.

ZAINAB

(in her native tongue)

This entire house just for us?

BOL

In English Zainab, please.

Zainab pauses, and thinks.

ZAINAB

This is all ours?

MARK

Uhuh

Zainab eyes him with visible suspicion.

Mark begins to feel uncomfortable.

He's not a man who enjoys feeling uncomfortable.

MARK (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Your home. My property. I report to them. The last ones caused trouble and were sent back.

BOL

We're not going back.

Mark nods.

MARK

So make it easy for me.

(Beat)

*Be one of the good ones.*

Mark waits for a response. He doesn't get one. He begins to feel his time is up.

He gets ready to leave.

Bol remains smiling. He moves close to Mark, so tight they are almost hugging. Mark lets out a little laugh and flinches with the sudden, African-style intimacy.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh...

BOL

Thank you.

INT. UPSTAIRS HOUSE - DAY

Bol walks up the stairs.

Reaching the landing he looks around. The upstairs is much like the downstairs: An unlovable mess.

He peers through the doorways, before moving into a bedroom.

Bare, except for a mattress and a cupboard.

Bol stops suddenly.

The light coming through the window. We can hear birds singing. A distant car, and a child playing.

But mostly, a sense of calmness.

He goes towards the door. And very slowly and quietly closes the door. Careful not to draw attention. He closes the door shut.

He steps back into the room...

And begins to smile,

A laugh pops out. It escapes his mouth almost accidentally.

Then, almost equally as surprising. His face creases. And he begins to sob.

Tremendous sobs that cascade over one another. Uncontainable, he sits on the mattress for support.

And starts laughing again! And then sobbing!

Then laughs at himself for such bizarre behaviour.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Zainab stands on the stairs. Listening to Bol on the other side of the door. Watching him through a small gap between the door and frame.

Bol pushes the door fully shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zainab sits in middle of the living room. In darkness. From a mobile phone the tinny sound of a pop song plays. Katy Perry, Teenage dream.

Bol tries to flick on the main light switch. No light.

He moves to the kitchen and tries to turn on the kitchen lights too.

*Click click.*

Dead too.

Bol shrugs. He sings along to the song as he moves. This makes Zainab smile.

He grabs a blanket and wraps it around Zainab as he sings.

He lies on the floor, resting his head in her lap. Still singing.

ZAINAB  
(correcting him)  
...Dream...

BOL  
What?

ZAINAB  
It's dream, not teenage jeans.

Bol's been singing the lyrics to the chorus wrong.

He smiles. Zainab grins.

He looks up at her, she looks down at him.

They are not much more than silhouettes in the darkness. And the tinny sounds of Katy Perry.

BOL  
We will be new here.

Zainab watches him gently. She smiles, and nods.

ZAINAB  
Born again.

Bol smiles wider.

BOL  
Born again.

He presses his head into her stomach.

BOL (CONT'D)  
Born again.

Zainab curls her arm over his shoulders.

BOL (CONT'D)  
(singing to the lyrics)  
You and me, living a teenage  
dream...

Zainab laughs.

Bol takes Zainab's hand in his, and squeezes her thumb.

BOL (CONT'D)  
(singing the lyrics)  
Let's run away and don't ever look  
back, don't ever look back...

Zainab looks up to the window.

Raindrops spit against the glass.

Slowly increasing in intensity, *rain is coming*.

As Zainab watches, her smile weakens.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BOL wakes with start.

Heart racing, he lets his breath relax.

**Thud thud thud thud**

A deep breath in.

A deep breath out.

Bol keeps his eyes squeezed shut.

His hand shakes.

**thud thud thud thud**

A deep breath in.

A deep breath out.

A deep breath in.

A deep breath out.

A car outside begins to move down the street. It's light sliding across the room, illuminating it like a wave.

*As it does we suddenly see a silhouette.* Hidden within the darkness and revealed by the car light.

Bol notices too, he stares at it.

He searches by his side until he finds his phone.

He turns on the torch, he points it to the spot.

Nothing there.

He stares into the nothingness.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Zainab wakes. Nestled in rolls of blankets.

Sounds of morning activity outside. *Kids, cars, birds.*

She turns in bed...

...And stares at the empty patch where her husband should be.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - MORNING

Zainab sheepishly walks down the stairs.

Ahead of her, Bol is on his hands and knees. He's attempting to fix the front door: Still desperately clinging onto it's hinge.

He turns at hearing her, and smiles.

Zainab nods a good morning. She sits down on the steps and watches him work.

She yawns, noticing bin bags by her feet.

She spots something in one of the bin bags.

*A little fabric arm.*

Gently she puts her hand in the bag. She pulls the hand. A little child's doll slides out of the bag. A cheap, African doll.

Zainab stares at it coolly.

The doll returns the look.

She quietly frees the doll from the waste.



She stands and walks back upstairs with it. Bol too consumed by work to notice.

EXT. STREET - DAY

BOL steps out of the house and walks down the drive to the street. He looks around.

The woman next door - in what appears to be the exact same position as before - stares at Bol from her window.

Bol weakly lifts up his hand into a wave.

The woman continues to stare.

Unnerved, he pulls his gaze away.

He surveys the street.

He's surrounded by well kept family homes. Polished and well cared for. A person is trimming their front hedge.

Bol turns back to his house.

*The ugly duckling.*

Bol grows ashamed.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Cleaning equipment.

Tools.

Paint.

Bol buys a box of tools and supplies.

INT. BARBER - DAY

A hair shaver glides through thick African hair. Guiding a relieved path through a messy head.

The discarded hair drops like snow and lands on the barber shop flooring.

Bol sits in the chair as the barber shaves his head. He watches, with simmering happiness.

BOL  
Are we in London?

The barber snorts.

BARBER  
(of course not)

No

Whilst not fully understanding, Bol doesn't say anything and nods, not wanting to sound silly.

INT. BARBER - DAY

His haircut complete, Bol is sifting through cash and finding coins to pay the barber. The barber is watching him, bemused.

BARBER  
You know about the vouchers yeah?  
*you lot don't have to pay...*

Bol glances at barber, a fleeting moment of shame. He continues to find cash anyway.

He passes over the money.

BOL  
Thank you.

The barber shrugs as he takes it.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Bol walks down a street, he slows to stop.

He stands outside a medieval church.

He looks up at it. Powerful, but delicate. He stares at it softly.

MAN  
Hey.

A heavy set man steps out from the entrance of the Church. Instinctively Bol takes a step backwards. He's cautious.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Are you one of them refugees?

Bol doesn't know what to say. He ends up staying silent.

MAN (CONT'D)  
I got something for you.

Bol waits, body tense, ready for anything.

INT. PUB - DAY

Bol sits in a booth in a traditional British pub. A big storage cardboard box full of joyful looking goods sits on his lap.

The contents of the box: Clothes, food, things that can help.

He smiles a little.

He looks down at his hand, his smile falters.

His hand is clenched in a fist. Tightly gripping his keys like a weapon.

*His hand is shaking violently.*

Frustrated and disappointed, he stares at his body's betrayal.

On a TV screen: A football match. Barcelona are playing.

Men are circling the television, engrossed in the game.

Bol watches the screen.

Luis Suárez is dribbling with the ball.

BOL  
(attempting a chant)  
His teeth are offside... His teeth  
are offside. Luis Suarez, His teeth  
are offside.

The men look at him and begin to laugh.

They join in the chants.

Bol smiles.

A grinning man passes him a pint.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bol wakes up suddenly. He frowns in the dark.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

An energy caffeine drink is cracked open.

Bol drinks greedily.

He is sat down by the wall. Surrounded by the flames of two tea candles.

He gets to work. He begins to peel the cracked walls.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Morning. An empty side of the bed.

Zainab lies on the other side, staring at it. A void where Bol should be.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

ZAINAB

Bol?

Zainab walks through the space.

Looking for her husband, finding instead an empty house.

She stops,

She stands motionless, left strangely idle.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Zainab stares into the kitchen: Disheveled, dirty and unfriendly.

CUT TO:

Zainab stands before the sink. Tap running, she is cleaning a variety of plates and bowls.

Soon she is wiping the kitchen counters.

CUT TO:

Zainab is kneeling. She opens a cupboard door, and puts some dry plates into it. Shutting the door behind them.

She opens another cupboard door:

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK BOOT - DAY

Darkness.

Suddenly the darkness is lifted as if seen through a cupboard door opening.

The boot door opens, light comes flooding in. We have a birds eye view, looking down at:

Zainab, curled inside a tight space. A girl is wrapped between her. YAYA (8-11). This must be the past, they are both heavily disheveled, sweaty, and sore.

Yaya winces and looks towards us.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Zainab flinches briefly. Staring wearily into the dim, empty cupboard.

She remains frozen in the memory.

Before snapping out of it.

She returns to filling the cupboard with more kitchenware.

She shuts the door.

Zainab remains still. Lost in a thought.

She gets up, pulls off her rubber gloves.

They drop, abandoned, on the floor.

Zainab walks away, leaving behind a kitchen just as dishevelled as she found it.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Zainab shuts the door behind her. She's now wearing a big donated overcoat, with her hood up.

Protection from the world.

Zainab looks down at a piece of paper in her hand.

A hand drawn map that points to a marker labelled 'doctor'.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Zainab stands outside the church. Where Bol stood earlier.

What she see's is quite different:

A gargoyle - on the side of a building. Stone, grotesque, creepy. It frowns at her. Zainab frowns back.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

And later, outside a pub, hangs an image of what appears to be man's face made out of root and squash vegetables. A face that looks monstrous and bloated.

Zainab studies it with unease.

She moves on, stopping at a junction.

She looks left and then right.

Both sides of the street appear identical. She hesitates. She looks down at her hand drawn map.

The ink has smudged and turned into a marbled soup.

EXT. ANONYMOUS STREET - DAY

With a brisk pace, Zainab walks to the end of the street.

Only to be confronted by another identical street.

She stops, glances all around her, and exhales. She turns down another street and begins to walk down it.

Zainab reaches the end of another street. She stops abruptly. She turns to the left:

*Another identical street.*

She studies this with a quiet anxiety. She hears voices, she turns again, to reveal:

A group of three black teenagers. They are standing near a corner supermarket. Talking and drinking soft drinks.

Zainab's heart leaps, she moves towards them.

ZAINAB

Boys.

They all turn to watch her as she approaches.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

Boys... Hello...

BLACK YOUTH 1

You aight?

ZAINAB

No, can you help me?

BLACK YOUTH 1

Of course.

ZAINAB

(smiles)

Where is Clenoards road?

BLACK YOUTH 2

What now?

ZAINAB

Clenoards road. Maybe I am saying it wrong.

BLACK YOUTH 1

Cle-no-ard-s road.

BLACK YOUTH 3

No worries, we will help you.

BLACK YOUTH 1

Wait is it down there?

They all turn to face where he points.

BLACK YOUTH 3

No, you know what I think it's that way.

They all look in the other direction and discuss.

Meanwhilst Black Youth 1 puts his hand into her coat pocket. He shakes his head when he doesn't find anything.

BLACK YOUTH 2

No man, I think it's over behind the bank.

They look the other way. Someone else pulls out some cash from her jacket pocket. They slip the cash into their pocket.

BLACK YOUTH 3

Yeah that way, go that way.

ZAINAB

Are you sure?

They all utter yeah. Zainab smiles.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She walks away.

She makes it towards the end of the roa...

BLACK YOUTH 1 (O.S.)

Then go back to *fucking* Africa!

They all laugh.

Zainab spins round. Confused and aghast.

INT. GP SURGERY - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Zainab is in a daydream. Staring into infinity, the morning weighing greatly on her mind.

GP (O.S.)  
 You just find your little corner.  
 You know. A place that is yours.  
 For me, you know, there's this cute  
 little cafe I like to go to round  
 the corner.

Zainab isn't listening. We are in a clean, but cosy GP  
 office. Zainab sits near a desk, opposite her, a GP (30  
 something, office casual woman). She taps into her computer.

GP (CONT'D)  
 I go there, buy my coffee, buy my  
 pastry and that's it. I'm home.  
 You will find your place, I'm  
 certain.  
 I'm going to measure your blood  
 pressure, and then take your blood,  
 ok?  
 (Beat)  
 Ms Dut?

Zainab snaps out of it.

ZAINAB  
 Yes ok.

The GP takes out a blood pressure band.

GP  
 Roll your sleeve up darling. That's  
 it.

Zainab pulls back her arm sleeve.

GP (CONT'D)  
 Have you had croissants before?  
 I'm sure you have. They do this  
 thing, they call it a cronut. It's  
 like a cross between a croissant  
 and a donut. It's absolutely  
 bonkers. I shouldn't, but I have  
 one every morning. Naughty little  
 old me.

The GP moves closer to her.

GP (CONT'D)  
 (sighs)  
 You will find your place. I just  
 know it.

The GP continues to assemble the band. Then whirls on the  
 machine.

GP (CONT'D)  
 I love your necklace.



ZAINAB

(Beat)

It was Yayas.

GP

Your daughter?

ZAINAB

Yes.

The machine beeps, the band inflates.

GP

Have you registered her yet? We should take a look at her too.

ZAINAB

(Beat)

We lost her.  
When we crossed the sea.

GP

(Beat)

Oh...

The GP smiles politely.

ZAINAB

But she's alive.

(Beat)

We just have to find her again.

The GP smartly refuses to reply. She smiles and instead she concentrates on the machine.

BEEP, BEEP.

BEEP, BEEP.

The silence feels a little too long.

The GP taps into the computer.

GP

Well when you do make sure you register her.

She smiles.

Zainab nods. Zainab watches the GP carefully. The GP outstanding in her determination to avoid eye contact.

GP (CONT'D)

Right, let's take your blood.

The GP rubs her fingers on some markings on Zainab's hand.

GP (CONT'D)  
What happened here.

Zainab looks at her arm. She shrugs.

She shows her her other arm. Some more markings.

GP (CONT'D)  
(stammers)  
Who did this?

The GP doesn't know what to say. Zainab waits before saying...

ZAINAB  
We have two tribes where we are from. They are both killing each other. Depending on which one you belong too you mark yourself. I marked myself with both.  
(Beat)  
If I am caught by either one I show them one and cover the other. Belonging to the right tribe would save your life. This is how you survive.

The GP nods. She doesn't know what to say.

GP  
I see

The GP continues with the injection.

GP (CONT'D)  
So, who are you?

ZAINAB  
What?

GP  
...Which tribe are you really?

Zainab pauses. She hadn't thought about this for a long time.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Zainab drops bags of newly brought groceries onto the kitchen worktop. The kitchen remaining just how Zainab left it.

A sound makes Zainab looks up.

In the garden some teenage girls notice her. Frozen, like deer in headlights.

One of them gets up from urinating. She pulls up her jeans.

They laugh and quickly climb over the fence.

Zainab stares at them, startled. Somehow, it is Zainab who feels shame.

She waits for a moment, and then leaves the kitchen.

Moving into the living room, she stops in the middle. She folds to the floor until she is on her knees. Resting on one arm.

She closes her eyes.

A peacefulness returns to the room.

*(The following sequence is done in one take, the camera far behind Zainab, as she faces towards the kitchen door)*

**CRASH! The sound of something hitting the floor...**

Zainab gasps and jumps. She looks up towards the kitchen.

*Is it the girls again?*

One of the bags must have fallen from the worktop. Orphaned groceries spills across the floor, including a dozen oranges.

Zainab remains tense.

A stillness soon makes its return. Zainab relaxes.

She allows herself to look away.

*A sound of something.*

Zainab's ears prick. *The sound of something long and drawn out...*

The sound stops. *It's coming from the kitchen.*

Zainab watches carefully. *...everything appears normal...*

*Then that sound again.*

But everything looks fine...

The sound stops again.

Silence, again.

Zainab remains glued to the door.

What was...

*... And yet again, the sound.*

**AN ORANGE**

One of the many that had fallen onto the floor, it is rolling across the floor. Seemingly by itself...

It rolls through the kitchen. Then slows to a stop, as if losing steam.

Zainab stares at it.

It wobbles, then moves again!

Changing direction... *moving towards us.*

Through the doorway...

... into the living room...

...towards Zainab...

It begins to decelerate again, it gently rolls to a stop again. Landing in front of her innocently.

Zainab stares at it. Now only a metre or so from her.

Zainab nervously lifts her arm. She moves as if to touch it...

It's off again!

*The orange rolls closer towards her.*

Closer...

Now it's by her knee...

...Her leg...

...*It's rolling past her...*

Towards us!

...CLOSER...

...CLOSER...

The camera tilts down, following the orange, until it is fully under us.

**... HITTING A PAIR OF BARE FEET.**

Dark skinned feet. The orange softly bounces to a stop inside the V shape between them.

*The camera is in fact a person's POV - looking down at their feet!*

The camera looks up slowly...

Revealing Zainab, staring directly into the lens, right into us.

The sun hits her oddly. Halo-esque. She's almost radiant.

She watches, tense and frozen.

She doesn't speak. She doesn't move.

She just stares.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bol opens the front door. He enters the house, moving into the living room.

The room is lit with a couple of candles. Zainab is sitting on the floor on a blanket, with food in bowls - how they'd eat back home.

Her expression is soft and warm.

Bol's smile expands.

BOL

Eh.

He takes off his jacket,

BOL (CONT'D)

What is this?

Zainab shrugs.

ZAINAB

It's the best I can do.

Bol smiles.

BOL

This is wonderful.

Bol takes off his shoes.

BOL (CONT'D)

Wonderful.

He sits down at the edge of the blanket. He pauses, to inspect the food.

BOL (CONT'D)

But maybe next time we can use the table.

Zainab doesn't respond.

Bol is about to sample his meal, before:

BOL (CONT'D)  
Where are the knives and forks?

Again, Zainab does not respond.

Bol stands suddenly and leaves for the kitchen.

Zainab waits patiently. Meanwhile, she takes her bread with her hand, uses it as a shovel to scoop up beans, and takes a mouthful.

She chews as Bol returns and puts a knife and fork by her side.

Zainab stares at them. Bol sits down and begins to cut up his food with his cutlery and eat.

She watches him, a little bemused.

Zainab takes the fork. She hesitates, before eating a spoonful of beans.

She chews the beans a couple of times, then swallows.

ZAINAB  
(shakes her head)  
All I can taste is the metal.

BOL  
You will get used to it.

The words had more weight than perhaps Bol intended.

He takes mouthfuls. Wiping his fork clean.

BOL (CONT'D)  
Tell me about your adventures today.

Zainab thinks. She shrugs.

ZAINAB  
There was a man in a wheelchair. By the side of the road. He had no legs. People kept bumping into him. Ignoring him. But kept hitting into him, these are busy people. But, he was the one saying "sorry".  
(Beat)  
Sorry, sorry, sorry.

Bol smiles knowingly. He's spotted this phenomena too. He put's up his hand like someone has just aimed a gun at him.

BOL  
Sorry, sorry.

ZAINAB  
(grins)  
Everyone's so sorry.

They trade smiles and laughter.

A twinkle between them. Bol relaxes. *This is going well.*

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
They are old and superstitious  
here.

Bol doesn't reply. He shrugs.

Bol eats some more mouthfuls and exhales.

Zainab clears her throat.

She wants to say something, but finding the words difficult.

Eventually:

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
I saw something in the house.

Bol watches Zainab. He slows down his eating.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
In the dark.

Bol watches her carefully.

BOL  
What did you see?

ZAINAB  
I don't know.

Bol nods cautiously.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
But it spoke to me.

BOL  
Someone was in the house?

Zainab shakes her head.

BOL (CONT'D)  
Who spoke to you?

ZAINAB  
Something in the dark.

BOL  
(Beat)  
Something in the dark, spoke to  
you?

ZAINAB  
Yes.

Bol creases his brow. He starts to say something, then stops  
again.

This is making little sense... But he'll bite.

BOL  
(Beat)  
What did you speak about?

Zainab doesn't respond straight away.

She's a little embarrassed.

ZAINAB  
Her.

A moment of realisation.

Bol begins to feel something sink inside.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
It told me she was alive.

Zainab lifts her gaze up gently, quietly measuring his  
response.

Bol sighs. *This again.*

He prepares his words carefully.

BOL  
(tenderly)  
She's gone. My love she's gone. The  
sea took her. She's gone...

ZAINAB  
(shakes her head)  
She's alive.

BOL  
Zainab

ZAINAB  
You are not listening...

BOL  
We survived...



ZAINAB  
 (in her native tongue)  
 If we missed something...

BOL  
 We didn't.

ZAINAB  
 (in her native tongue)  
 We don't know for certain.

BOL  
 English Zainab.

ZAINAB  
 (snaps, in her native  
 tongue)  
 I will speak my mother's language.

BOL  
 Listen to what you are saying.

ZAINAB  
 (in her native tongue)  
*She's alive.*

BOL  
 (more brutally)  
 She's dead.

ZAINAB  
 (in her native tongue)  
She's alive.

BOL  
 ENOUGH!

Bol squeezes his fork tight. It presses against his thumb.  
 His eyes brim with fury. Sweat glistens against his brows.

Startled, Zainab freezes.

BOL (CONT'D)  
 We have grieved enough.  
 (Beat)  
*Enough.*

The air stiffens between them.

Zainab watches him anxiously.

Bol takes a moment too. A sudden flush of embarrassment. He  
 relaxes his clenched hand.

But at least he's won the argument.

So he goes back to his food...

He takes a mouthful,

And eats...

...Until

ZAINAB (O.C.)

(in her native tongue)

I had assured myself it was a dream. Perhaps I am just overwhelmed. Imagining things that aren't there...

(Beat)

But now I've looked into your eyes.  
And listened to you lie.

Bol stops eating and looks at Zainab.

She is staring directly into his eyes.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

You've felt it too.

(Beat)

There *is* something in the dark.

Zainab talks in a calm and steady voice. She stares at him. He watches back. It makes Bol nervous.

Bol searches Zainab for more. But she goes back to her meal.

Bol pulls his eyes away. He doesn't know what to think. What to say.

He peers into a dark corner anyway. Shadows and emptiness.

Nothing there, of course.

He exhales. Then continues to eat wordlessly. Giving up on his wife this evening.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A gasp. Bol wakes with a start.

He breathes, and gently allows his body to relax.

He sits up in bed. The room lit by a single candle flame. The world is pitch black without it.

He stares into the dark.

The dark stares back.

He scans the room carefully.

He waves his arm out in front of him into the darkness.

Nothing there. Of course.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

An energy drink is cracked open.

Bol drinks thirstily.

The empty crushed can dropping, hitting the floor, bouncing off another empty crushed energy drink can.

Soon he is peeling the dying wallpaper from the walls. Making a pile on the floor.

He is lit by two candles. One by his side, the second: the other side of the house, in the living room.

Workman like, he is peeling the walls feverishly.

He takes the bottom of a piece of wall paper, and begins to pull. He tears it from the wall, ripping upwards and crumbling to the ground.

He wipes his brow, and begins to pile it into a trash bag.

*Thhhwmm.*

The sound of something. Like a heavy sack dragged against the floor. Somewhere distant.

He turns around.

The living room is shrouded in darkness. Nothing there.

He stares, motionlessly for a moment,

Before turning back around,

And continues with the peeling.

Pulling and pulling at the plaster.

*Thwmm.*

Bol stops and turns around suddenly.

He freezes.

Sitting in a bundle by the flame, a pile of fabric.

Dutch print, in a sack-like pile on the floor.

Sitting still and innocently.

Bol stares at it wondrously.

Where did that come from?

The colourful sack sits on the floor , with little regard of it's strangeness.

Bol stands up slowly.

He stares at the bundle.

Bol slowly moves towards it.

Closer...

And closer...

And closer...

The candle light flickering calmly.

Shadows bouncing with charged delight.

Bol stands over it.

He watches it.

As if expecting some kind of explanation.

Standing over it we can now see something odd.

The fabric is rising and falling slowly, just a little.

Bol's ears prick.

The sound of soft breathing.

*...in...*

*...and out...*

*...in*

*...and out...*

A child's breathing perhaps?

*...in*

*...and out...*

Bol lowers his hand.

It shakes slowly as it reaches the bundle.

*...in*

*...and out...*

He pokes the bundle gently.

The breathing stops. The movement stops.

Bol moves his hand away.

He pauses, confused.

It's gone...

He's prodding thin air.

In it's place, just a mop bucket and bin bags.

Bol screws his brow.

Did he just imagine it?

**THUD THUD THUD** - The sound of something running FAST towards him! Before he has a chance to move...

SOMETHING LUNGES AT HIM FROM THE DARKNESS BEHIND HIM!

### **SOMETHING FROM YOUR NIGHTMARES...**

A huge terrifying demented face. A creature jumps at him!  
WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND BOLS BODY.

BOL cries out and throws the thing off him.

He falls back on to the floor desperately.

He looks up.

A child skids across the floor.

*The thing was a child?!*

A child wearing a huge terrifying mask - east African-esque.

It skids to a stop.

Bol panting stares at it, wide eyed.

BOL  
(breathless)  
Yaya?...

There's nothing there.

A dark, still, empty room.

Bol gasps.

BOL (CONT'D)  
(High pitched,  
equivalently cute  
Sudanese phrase)  
FUCK!

EXT. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Bol throws himself outside.

He spins around and stares back into the house.

He's panting. Terrified.

*The sound of distant shuffling somewhere in the house.*

Bol stares, nervously.

An orange glow of light flickers on against Bol's cheek, he turns.

The neighbour's light has turned on.

That woman is watching him again.

*Stay cool Bol.*

He breathes.

Then looks up at her. He lifts his arm and put's the other casually in his pocket.

*And smiles broadly. Hi neighbour!*

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

*The sound of distant shuffling. This time closer.*

Bol picks up his phone torch again.

He moves into the house.

ZAINAB

You saw it

From the stairs, Zainab watches her husband's frenzied investigation.

BOL

Everything is fine.

It's hard to sound convincing at 3am.

Bol steps through slowly. Towards the stairs.

The noise becomes louder.

It's coming from the cupboard under the stairs.

Zainab tightens up.

ZAINAB

Bol...

Bol ignores her. He swings open the cupboard door.

*He stops in his tracks.*

Zainab watches anxiously.

Bol studies the contents of the cupboard. Sitting in the darkness, is Yaya's doll. (The same one Zainab had removed from the bin bag previously)

He picks up the doll, gently rolling the tired and well travelled fabric in his hand.

Zainab studies Bol tensely, unable to gauge his reaction.

Bol sharply sets off.

He swiftly scoops up a bin bag.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

Bol...

Zainab follows from behind.

Bol stuffs the doll into the bin bag.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

(nervous)

What are you doing?

BOL

We need to destroy everything.

Bol races up the stairs, almost colliding into Zainab as they cross paths. Zainab almost stumbles with whiplash.

ZAINAB

(panic)

What?

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Bol flies into the bedroom. Moving towards the mattress.

He starts shoving their clothes into the bin bag. Zainab moves into the bedroom.

ZAINAB

Bol!

Bol picks up their loose bric - a - brac - shovelling it all in the bag.

He picks up a small tin.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

My fathers... No!

Zainab leaps towards him. But Bol is resolute. Like a guided missile, his course is set, he charges past Zainab.

BOL  
We've been marked.

Pulling her sleepwear headscarf off her head as he goes.

ZAINAB  
Stop!

He's already jogging back down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Bol skids at the bottom of the stairs.

He pulls his t-shirt. Tearing it from his body.

He throws it into the bin bag.

He picks up a lighter, newspaper...

And steps out into the garden.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Bol throws the items onto the middle of the lawn.

He positions the roll of paper over the lighter, flicking it on. The paper begins to catch light, a timid flame begins to gain power.

Zainab moves into the garden, just as he drops the flaming paper onto the objects.

ZAINAB  
(breathlessly)  
Wait.

Zainab moves to the fire. Bol stops her.

As he does he notices something...

*Her necklace.*

Zainab notice's him noticing.

*A split second, They both reach for the necklace. Zainab's too slow. Bol clutches it. Zainab grips his hand over hers.*

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
(almost threatening)  
Don't leave me with nothing.

Bol stares at her.



ZAINAB (CONT'D)

Don't l...

Bol rips the necklace from her neck. It breaks and tumbles to the ground. The pieces bounce across the cool overgrown grass.

Zainab is motionless. A punch to the gut.

Bol drops to the ground, picking up the pieces.

She watches her husband as he throws them into the fire.

Their belongings crackling in the flames.

Bol stares into it, breathing sharply, adrenaline pulsing through his veins.

Zainab is left breathless, stunned into a silence.

INT. MALL (NO NATURAL LIGHT)

A classic high street department store. Think TK Maxx. Bright, flat lighting. Shoppers casually browsing, encouraged by the pleasant - and hip - music.

Someone is approaching. A homeless person?

No, it's Bol, wearing weather inappropriate clothing and moving with a somewhat excited walk. He walks through the shop eagerly, immediately attracting the attention of the security guards.

Moving through the clothing isles, his eyes chase the merchandise, fingers passing through hanger after hanger.

He pauses, his gaze catching a giant poster.

There's that damn happy smiling perfect white family again. They tower over Bol oppressively...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A price tag still dangles off an item.

It's Zainab. She stands by the doorway. Wearing the same outfit as the woman from the shop advertisement. She looks uncomfortable, unconsciously pulling at the shoulder.

She's watching:

Bol, lying back on the floor, leaning into the walls, pulling the wiring. He's wearing his new clothes too. Fitted jeans and shirt.

*They are both wearing precisely the same clothing as the couple from the store advertisement.*

Bol pants and moans as he pulls at things behind the wall.

The floor is dotted with new buys. Tools, wiring, electrical kit.

*Even knives and saws...*

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Covered with dust, Bol rips, pulls, fixes, glues items.

He makes holes in walls. Threads wiring across the ceiling.

He coughs and gasps, and cries out when he mauls his hand.

He swears a Sudanese swear word.

He lets the blood drip freely as he focuses on coiling wires around sockets.

*Splat.* Crimson splotches and finger prints leave a breadcrumb trail of Bol's obsessive journey throughout the room.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

It's dusk. The air turning a purple-blue.

Dust hovers in the air, creating a beautiful twilight mist.

Peaceful.

Bol stands by a light switch in the living room. *Click.* The living room lights turn on.

The room now a dusty tungsten yellow.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bol moves to the Kitchen light switch.

*Click* - the lights turn on.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bol flicks on the bedroom lights.

Everything bluntly illuminated.

He's beginning to smile.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

*Click* - The lights switch on.

Zainab is in the kitchen, at the dining table. Staring towards an empty space across the room.

Head cocked as if she was listening to something.

With the lights on, she quickly stops, guiltily.

Bol's smile dims.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A knife and fork is slammed on the table. Next to Zainab's food.

Bol then sits opposite her, with a plate of his food and his own knife and fork.

Zainab looks at the knife and fork and then to Bol.

Bol continues to eat his meal.

Zainab watches.

ZAINAB

Maybe you think I am going mad?

BOL

I think it's not healthy for you to be indoors all the time - dwelling on your thoughts. Tomorrow we shall find you something to do. Something in the community. Make friends. Be good.

ZAINAB

We are not like *them*.

BOL

We can be.

ZAINAB

Are you are not curious about what it tells me?

A Beat.

BOL

You are right, maybe you are going mad. Frightening yourself over imaginary things in the dark.

Zainab looks at him with a strange bemusement. She almost laughs.

ZAINAB

After all we've endured. After what we have seen... The violence in ordinary men... You think it is bumps in the night that frighten me? You think I can be afraid of ghosts?

Bol studies her nervously.

Zainab shakes her head sadly.

Then returns her gaze to Bol:

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

*It says I should be afraid of you.*

Her voice terrifies Bol.

He goes cold.

He watches her with disbelief.

And then a sadness.

He looks into her eyes.

BOL

*Born again.*

Zainab watches his hand on hers. His desperate, apologetic eyes.

Bol pleads.

BOL (CONT'D)

*Born again*

Zainab lowers her gaze and exhales.

She pulls her hand away.

She puts her hand to her plate, and begins eating with her hands again. Slowly and carefully. Not caring how it must look.

Bol watches her, disappointed. The line has been drawn.

They sit in a charged silence.

Bol leans back, moving his hand away,

And in doing so, knocking his fork.

It falls off the table.

And with a splash, it hits the floor.

The floor erupts in a ripple as if water...

*The floor is in-fact a reflection on a water surface!*

EXT. SEA - DAY

The water swallows the fork.

It begins to sink sadly into the water. Into the dark.

**WHISTLE WHISTLE!**

The sound of someone whistling. Three distinct urgent whistles creating a musical triad. It slices the silence. Echoing through the air.

Bol remains sitting on his seat, at the table, as per the last scene. *But this time in middle of the ocean.* The water lapping against his legs.

He's eating his meal with his hands.

His manner: It's as if he wasn't on the ocean. As if it was any normal evening. Patiently gratifying his hunger.

He just eats, and thinks.

A most uneventful dream, as often they are.

**WHISTLE WHISTLE!**

He finishes his bite and goes for another.

He knocks his fork... again...

It falls into the ocean.

Bol looks down.

His eyes watch the water.

Rippling against his calf.

He looks further.

Under the water.

The bodies.

His gaze softens.

He remembers.

The bodies.

**WHISTLE WHISTLE!!**

Bol begins to find himself affected.

His pulse quickens.

And he gasps.

BOL  
(thoughtfully)  
Yaya?

*Suddenly a limb flinches under the water.*

Bol cries out. He falls back.

By now the table and chair has gone, but we probably haven't even noticed.

A noise.

Bol looks up.

Something is gliding towards him. Like a shark fin, the water parts as the thing approaches.

It comes towards him at great speed.

Bol cries out!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

**WHISTLE WHISTLE!!!**

Bol wakes up with a start. We are in complete darkness - save for Bol's silhouette. He is lying on the floor.

Bol blinks and moves his head. Groggy, but coming to.

He starts to comprehend his surroundings.

BOL  
Who turned off the lig...

**WHISTLE WHISTLE!!!**

*The whistling is not from the dream...*

*IT'S COMING FROM INSIDE THE ROOM.*

*Somewhere in the darkness. A shadow moves...*

Bol gasps. He shuffles desperately to his feet. His eyes wide open and alert.

Peering through the darkness, we can't see anything. Only the vague shapes of the room.

Uninterrupted stillness, except for Bol's sharp, nervous breath...

**WHISTLE...**

*The sound is even louder. Bol cries out...*

He lunges for the Light switch, he flies to the corner of the room.

**WHI...**

Click.

Light floods the room. *The whistling stops abruptly.*

A stale, inanimate, brightly lit living room. There is nothing here.

Bol is terrified. He exhales, eyes frantically searching the room.

He waits in vain. Nothing is here. His muscles slack, his breathing softens.

He has a curious (or stupid) idea...

He puts his finger on the light switch.

He mutters something under his breath, he's daring himself.

He pushes the switch gently, all the while he stares carefully into the room.

He's going to do it.

**Click.** Light off.

**LOUD NOISES! THUD - BANG - WHI... ST...**

*Click. Lights on.*

Bol gasps. Sweating, he looks around the room.

An empty room!

Bol's eyes wide and disturbed. WTF eyes.

But he begins to relax...

...Until he notices something.

The door to the kitchen.

There is something behind it. Human sized, a corner of cloth peaks behind the door. It casts a soft shadow.

Bol stares at it.

It's not moving.

He thinks.

Then moves towards it.

A step closer.

The thing doesn't appear to be moving.

...Or maybe its breathing gently...

*Bol takes another step.*

Each step takes him further away from the light switch.

Unbenownst to him, the light switch is very gently moving...

Gently turning back to the...

Click...

**The lights go off.**

**WHISTLE WHISTLE...**

**AND The loud thump of noise.**

Bol runs back to the switch.

He flicks the light on.

A split second, something **RACES** towards him...

But the light flicks off again!

Bol cries out and holds the light switch on...

Behind him THAT FACE again

Bol cries out, he stumbles and falls onto the ground.

Suddenly the girl pulls herself back through a hole in the wall, and disappears inside the building!

Bol stares at the hole, petrified.

BOL (CONT'D)

Yaya!

He moves back towards the hole.

BOL (CONT'D)

Come back.

(Beat)

Come back.



He see's the child move through the holes in the wall  
fleetinglly.

He reaches out suddenly, grabbing her top. He pulls at it.  
Suddenly:

EXT. S SUDAN - DAY

We are in dusty South Sudan. We must be somewhere mid travel,  
Bol and Yaya, looking tired and weary in the scorching sun.  
Bol picks up Yaya. Her top brushes against his face.

He inhales her smell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bol lets go of Yaya's top.

He freezes in confusion.

As he pieces together memories...

The confusion turns to betrayal...

BOL  
You are not Yaya...

A beat.

BOL (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
What are you?

Then Anger.

BOL (CONT'D)  
Who are you!?

His face crumples, fear transforms into rage.

He cries out.

BOL (CONT'D)  
This is my house.

He moves swiftly away...

*He picks up a hammer...*

He swings it to the wall!

The wall splinters.

BOL (CONT'D)  
Get out!

He slams the wall again!

BOL (CONT'D)

Get out!

Faster, and harder. He begins to tear down the walls. Dust and debris fly.

BOL (CONT'D)

(screams)

I will kill you!

(Beat)

Get out of my home!

Bol screams with rage.

And wreaks revenge on the walls.

CRACK!! - wood splinters

SMASH!! - dust and dirt spin

THUD!! - slashes of broken material rip from the room.

With blood, sweat and fury, Bol has snapped.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morning.

Bol sits in the corner of the room. Covered with dust and fresh scars. Eyes alert and red. He wields the hammer in his hand.

He remains frozen, he begins to cast his gaze across the room.

The room is transformed: Walls ripped and torn. Frayed wood, split nailing and settling dust hang in the air.

This is now an angry, bitter place.

A creak. Bol flinches nervously, his eyes dart towards the direction of the noise.

Zainab watches from the doorway.

With a wave of embarrassment, Bol looks away.

Before getting up completely, and fleeing the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zainab watches from the window Bol leave.

He moves through the street and disappears behind shrubbery and cars.

Zainab watches until he is long gone.

The street outside quietly alive with morning activity:

Mothers with prams,

Delivery men,

People off to work.

Someone thoughtlessly throws an empty crisp packet into the front garden.

Nobody notices her.

Zainab studies life outside quietly.

Blocked by a wall of glass.

ZAINAB

(beat)

He knows what you are now? The  
spirit of this house?

There is silence for a long time,

A voice from somewhere:

CREATURE (V.O.)

Yes.

A soft, gentle male voice.

She turns her head.

Behind one of Bol's hammer-made hole in the wall: Yaya's feet.

She watches the feet.

ZAINAB

You are mischievous.

She lowers her gaze and turns back to the window.

And continues to watch the world outside...

...The sound of something,

Moving against the floor,

Zainab turns towards the sound.

A hole in the wall, near her, by the floor.

Small hands push something through.

Zainab's necklace. *The one destroyed by Bol.*

Brand new.

Hands push it out. It slides across the floor to a stop, by Zainab.

Zainab stares at it.

Something shifts behind Zainab's eyes. Her resolve softens.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
Do you know where she is?

There's a long pause.

CREATURE (V.O.)  
Yes.

She flinches at this.

ZAINAB  
Is she safe?

Zainab waits for a response.

But nothing is returned.

Zainab feels her heart beat accelerate.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
Hey!?

Her question goes unanswered.

I/E. BUS - DAY

Bol, unchanged from the scene previously, sits on a bus. The town slides past the window. The world moving on as normal.

He hasn't slept well and looks it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A pleasant, leafy residential street.

Bol rings on a door buzzer.

INT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

Bol sits nervously in the reception of a white, tidy house.

He sits up straight and wipes his face.

Bol watches a middle aged woman in the kitchen. They smile pleasantly at each other.

She's putting fruit into a blender, making fresh orange juice. Meanwhile a TV streams cartoons, a child is watching them from the sofa. Youthful sounds clumsily bounces through the air.

MARK (V.O.)  
This is a surprise.

Mark comes into the kitchen. He's wearing jogging attire and sweating - he's just come back from running.

Bol attempts to smile.

MARK  
But that's ok.

He kisses his wife quickly before moving to the table.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Now. How can I help?

Bol doesn't quite know what to say or how to say it.

He swallows.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Well?

Bol attempts to speak.

Mark's wife passes him a glass of fresh OJ

BOL  
Thank you.

MARK  
You don't like the property?

Bol fixes his glance on Mark,

Maybe he understands. Bol lightens up.

MARK (CONT'D)  
You want a new place?

Bol nods.

MARK (CONT'D)  
(he' heard this before)  
Uhuh.

Bol see's something out the corner of his eye.

Bol turns towards the source.

Mark's child has stopped watching the cartoons and instead is watching something far more interesting: *Bol*.

He stares at Bol wide eyed.

Awestruck by this strange and exotic man.

Bol finds himself feeling suddenly exposed.

MARK (CONT'D)

Mr Dut

Bol claws his gaze from the child.

BOL

We can't stay there any longer.

Mark nods. He's heard this before.

MARK

Right.

There's a long pause, Mark expecting more of an explanation.

But he is just met with silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

Right, I mean... I have other properties available.

BOL

Yes?

MARK

Yes.

Bol breathes a sigh of relief.

Mark smiles uncomfortably,

MARK (CONT'D)

But Mr Dut. I need to know why?

MARK'S WIFE (V.O.)

(quietly, to the child)

Stop staring Billy.

Bol turns back to the child.

The child unapologetically gawking. Mark's wife has to pull him down.

Meanwhile:

MARK

Of course, I'd have to report it to the guys upstairs... I'm not sure how well it'll go down.

Bol tenses.

MARK (CONT'D)

They don't like troublemakers Mr  
Dut - they can't look like they  
roll over for just anyone. This  
won't look good for you.  
Listen, I'm on your side - I want  
to help. But them... well... at the  
end of the day it's up to you.

Bol's eyes drop.

He glances around the room.

Plants in vases. Polished table tops.

Spotless floor.

He looks down at himself.

The fresh dirt and dust on his clothes.

His dirty shoes. Marking their polished floor.

A flush of shame passes over Bol.

He can't help but be humiliated.

MARK (CONT'D)

Mr Dut

Mark narrows his eyes. He's not convinced. He studies Bol  
carefully.

He shuffles.

MARK (CONT'D)

I think I understand.

Mark proceeds cautiously.

MARK (CONT'D)

The neighbours.

(Beat)

They are giving you trouble?

Bol clearly hadn't thought of this.

He pauses for too long...

MARK (CONT'D)

God sake.

They're a bad lot round there.

(Beat)

Nasty people.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

(Beat)  
It makes me so ashamed. So  
embarrassed. The ignorance.

Bol studies Mark, bewildered.

MARK (CONT'D)

(feeling energised)  
Well. You shouldn't be bullied from  
your home.  
(Beat)  
We should go to the police.

Bol eyes flash. **NO!**

BOL

No!

MARK

Don't worry, you can trust the  
police here.

BOL

No...

MARK

Tell me exactly what's going on.

BOL

(exhausted and confused)  
We're fine.

MARK

Absolutely not. It's the *principle*.

BOL

(Fury)  
PLEASE!

MARK

(shocked)  
I'm trying to help you!

Mark stops abruptly. His gaze changes.

Bol looks down, at his hand.

The glass of OJ has unknowingly smashed.

Orange juice splattered across Bol's leg and the floor.

Shards of glass splintered. The corners turning red where the  
glass has cut Bol's skin.

Mark pauses.

MARK (CONT'D)

Are you ok?



Bol begins to feel hot, he's made a mistake.

Bol smiles weakly.

He begins to stand.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hang on...

Bol is already out the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bol returns home. Exiting the street, through his gate, towards his door.

*The sound of a little whistle.*

Bol stops. He turns towards the neighbouring house. The house with the staring woman.

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)

Don't let it out.

Bol cranes his neck. He can just about see into the bay windows.

The window is cracked open.

BOL

What?

Bol begins to move towards it. He can't see into the window But he can see a shoulder, an arm, a cigarette and smoke escaping through the window.

NEIGHBOUR

(rough smokey voice)

It can't hurt you if you don't let it out.

Bol moves closer towards the window...

The sound of an approaching vehicle.

Bol turns,

A G4S van is parking outside their house.

Mark and a burly officer are within it. Staring at him morbidly as the car locks to a stop.

Bol's heart sinks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bol sits on a chair in the living room.

OFFICER

Dear god.

He wearily watches his new guests walk around the house. Mark and two officers step through the house.

Inspecting the concave holes in the wall...

...And the drops of blood chaotically splattered across the room.

Mark is in the kitchen, he spills a plastic bin bag. Dozens of cheap empty energy drink cans tumble out, spilling across the floor guiltily.

He moves into the living room. His gaze passes over the room.

MARK

What is this?

Bol doesn't respond right away. His responses are slow. His mind at half speed.

MARK (CONT'D)

What happened?

Bol can't answer.

BOL

(Beat)

Kids...

MARK

Kids?

Bol nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

You're going to have to do better than that. This is insane. I'm going to have to report this. I have no choice. I'm sorry.

BOL

Please.

(beat)

It was a misunderstanding.

(beat)

Please.

(beat)

I'll fix it.

Mark watches Bol sharply.

Bol watches him back.

Mark turns to the G4S officer.

MARK  
They've been having trouble with  
the neighbours.

OFFICER  
Never had any trouble before.

Mark studies Bol carefully. Then nods.

MARK  
Hmm

OFFICER  
So what's been going on then?

They look at Bol.

BOL  
It was a misunderstanding.

MARK  
A misunderstanding?

BOL  
I'll fix it.

Mark studies him carefully.

Bol studies him sharply back.

Something in Bol's eyes makes Mark want to move on.

Mark nods.

MARK  
Ok.

OFFICER  
Hang on a minute...

Mark shoots a look at the officer, then shakes his head.

The officer reluctantly backs down.

Bol watches them and begins to feel relieved.

*He's got away with it somehow.*

MARK  
Right.

The men look set to leave.

ZAINAB  
Did you tell them about the thing  
in the walls?

Everyone turns. Zainab appears in the doorway, she's facing Bol. How long has she been there?

A charged silence. Bol tenses up again.

MARK  
What?

ZAINAB  
(to Bol)  
You haven't told them?

Mark is about to speak, but stops.

Bol deflates.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
There's a spirit in this house.  
(Beat)  
It lives in the walls.

MARK  
(Beat)  
Oh...

What's left of Bol deflates further.

ZAINAB  
Perhaps it's why no one wants to  
live here.

MARK  
(Beat)  
I...

The guests look at each other.

Bol grimaces. He closes his eyes. Defeated.

ZAINAB  
It torments my husband.  
(Beat)  
With visits from her.  
(Beat)  
I hear him at night when he thinks  
I'm asleep. Wailing.  
(Beat)  
But my husbands a stubborn man.  
(Beat)  
He still believes he can deny it.

Bol opens them and weakly looks at Zainab. *Well played* - he seems to be saying.

Mark clears his throat nervously.

Zainab returns Bol's gaze confidently, she knows what she's doing.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
He should write that, in his  
report.

Mark clears his throat nervously.

MARK  
Bol?

Bol doesn't know what to say.

He looks at Mark, considers saying something.

But gives up. The damage is already done.

He looks away in shame.

Yet Zainab seems to almost be smiling.

ZAINAB  
I should show you his collection of  
knives and weapons

All the men snap their attention to Zainab. *If you could see their faces.*

I/E DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Bol watches the street from the front door.

Mark and the Officer exchange grave words as they pack into the van. Mark shakes his head.

Bol closes the front door. And stares at the back of it for some time.

ZAINAB (O.S.)  
(in her native tongue)  
This is what they want.

Zainab appears from the living room.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
(in her native tongue)  
To see us crazy.  
They don't want to be reminded that  
it is them that are weak. How lazy  
and fat and *bored* they are. Let  
them think we're crazy. They  
couldn't survive where we came  
from. They would *melt* in our sun.

Bol hasn't turned around. He leaves his head resting on the door. A man defeated.

He turns his gaze slowly, and notices something in the hallway.

Their bags and rucksacks, packed with their clothes.

He stares at them.

Zainab waits for a reaction, but doesn't get one. She cools her emotions. She hardens.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
(firmly)  
We don't belong here.  
(Beat)  
Let them send us back.  
(Beat)  
We have to find her.

Bol's shoulders drop. He exhales, tired. He closes his eyes.

BOL  
(almost desperate)  
How quickly you forget what we  
went through to get here.

ZAINAB  
How quickly you forget our  
daught...

BOL CHARGES AT ZAINAB. A BLIND RAGE.  
Zainab has no time to react...  
Bol shoves his hand over Zainab's mouth...  
They fly back...  
They slam into the wall violently...  
Zainab's breath is knocked out...  
Bol's eyes lit up. He quakes.

BOL  
YOU ARE SICK.

Her heart might be racing, but Zainab's eyes confront him coolly.

They are wordless. Fury seethes from Bol's pores.

Zainab stares back, but she doesn't loosen her resolve.

They are caught in a stalemate.

Bol tries to contain his rage.

BOL (CONT'D)  
(firmly)  
This is our home.  
(MORE)

BOL (CONT'D)

(Beat)

THIS - IS - OUR - HOME.

(BEAT)

THIS -- IS -- OUR -- HOME

(Beat)

This is our home.

They stare damningly at each other.

He lets go of Zainab.

He takes a step back.

Zainab exhales. She tries to recompose herself. She studies him, her breath fast. But she remains sharp.

Bol walks away.

ZAINAB

To those men, we are animals. In  
that detention centre, we are  
animals, on that boat we were  
animals. In our country - even in  
our home - we are animals.

Zainab pauses. She's almost heartbroken by her deduction.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

Well maybe we are animals.

Bol might have disappeared, but he sure heard.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Bol grabs the hammer.

He grabs nails.

He grabs screwdrivers.

Bol hammers nail's into the edges of windows..

One after the other...

Hammering them shut...

The living room windows...

The bedroom windows...

The kitchen windows...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

With a screw driver he unscrews the front door handle.

He pulls it out, putting it in his pocket. The door is unopenable.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bol drags a chair into the middle of the room.

He lights a tea light, placing it ahead of the chair.

He collapses on the chair defiantly. He bites into an apple.

The hammer in his other hand.

And waits.

His face is hardened. Determined.

The sun begins to set.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bol is still on the chair.

He gulps down an energy drink. He drops the empty can on the floor. The tin ringing against the silence.

Bol breathes in and out deeply. He waits with patient and tired authority.

The sound of night time noises leak in from distant streets.

The glow of the tea light hits him from below. The flickering flame makes shadows dance.

Surrounded by darkness, he waits.

His eyes begin to wilt...

...So he slaps his cheek. He blinks himself awake.

*Something is different.*

He looks around gently.

The room is empty.

But he feels something.

Bol gulps back, swallowing his fear. *He can do this.*

BOL  
Where are you?

There's a long pause.



CREATURE (V.O.)

Here.

The creature talks in a hushed whisper.

BOL

Where?

CREATURE (V.O.)

In the dark.

Bol breathes nervously.

BOL

Show yourself.

CREATURE (V.O.)

You show *yourself*.

Bol doesn't know what to say to this, he stops.

CREATURE (V.O.)

Why won't you leave - If I frighten  
you so?

It takes a moment for Bol to understand this himself.

BOL

This is my home.

CREATURE (V.O.)

Maybe you want to stay with me.

(beat)

In the dark.

(beat)

I seduce you.

Bol ignores his words angrily.

BOL

What do you want? What do I have to  
do to be rid of you?

A pause.

CREATURE (V.O.)

Let me out.

Bol squints.

In the hole in the far wall:

*Stands a pair of a young person's feet.*

Bol stares at the feet.

BOL

What?

CREATURE (V.O.)  
Let me out.

BOL  
...That's all?

CREATURE (V.O.)  
Yes.

Bol ponders this for a moment.

BOL  
How?

Another long pause.

CREATURE (V.O.)  
Open your flesh.

BOL  
(Beat)  
What?

CREATURE (V.O.)  
Sever your flesh. I will slip in.

Bol doesn't know what to say.

CREATURE (V.O.)  
Sever your flesh. You will find  
peace with me.

*A giant hand reaches out from the dark and tries to grab Bol!*

Bol gasps. He skids his chair backwards. He lifts and squeezes his hammer up a little.

The tealight flame explodes into something larger. A broad, violent flame.

CREATURE (V.O.)  
I will take your body. You'll fit  
like a glove.

The flame crackling to his voice.

Bol sweats. He puts on a brave face.

Bol gulps.

Bol's eyes wide and nervous.

But something crosses Bol's mind.

BOL  
So why haven't you?

Bol starts to consider something.

He looks down at the burning flame. Flickering into the night.

Bol lifts his hand. And nervously, moves it into the flame.

His hand passes the flame, untouched, unscathed.

Bol stares at this.

BOL (CONT'D)  
(remembering the  
neighbours words)  
It can't hurt you if you don't let  
it out

Then looks up excited.

Bol in his excitement becomes bold. He stands up suddenly.

BOL (CONT'D)  
You're just pictures. You are  
nothing.

Bol steps back, then laughs.

BOL (CONT'D)  
Make yourself at home.  
Pictures can't hurt me.  
I will learn to live with you.

Silence.

And then:

CREATURE (V.O.)  
Why don't you sleep?

Bol stops laughing.

Bol begins to frown.

He looks up.

A school of small fish swim across the ceiling. He watches them pass over his head.

He gasps.

A piece of tissue blows into the flame. Sets alight and blows into the air. It passes Bol, shooting far out into the distance. The fire illuminates water as it passes through the air.

We are back in the ocean. This time at night.

Bol looks down at the water lapping at his feet.

Bol wilts. He shakes his head.

He covers his eyes with his hands, like a child.

Another pair of his arms come up from behind pull his hands from his face. They disappear behind his back.

Bol cries out. He screams. Violent, desperate, frustrated screams.

Bol looks down suddenly.

Something is climbing out from under the water.

A person.

A girl.

Yaya.

She stands.

The water turns red with blood.

She looks at Bol.

Bol can't look away.

She opens her mouth.

A tentacle pops out.

It slops against her cheek.

As an octopus begins to drag itself out her mouth.

Bol screams.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Zainab shoves clothes into a rucksack.

She zips it shut.

She puts it on.

She leaves the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zainab slowly moves into the living room.

An eerie stillness has taken hold.

Floorboards creaking under her feet.

Bol remains sitting on the seat in middle of the room.

Staring towards the wall, into infinity.

Zainab moves closer towards him.

He doesn't seem to be aware of her.

Zainab moves closer, until her nose almost touches his.

She peers into his eyes.

*Reflected back, the sloshing of ocean waves.*

Zainab looks down at his feet.

A puddle of urine drips from his leg.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DUSK

With a screwdriver Zainab is screwing back the handle to the front door.

She whirls the handle in as quickly as she can.

She pulls at the door handle...

*Suddenly arms wrap around Zainab!*

*Bol tugs her back!*

She cries out.

Bol drags her back towards the stairs.

Zainab *strikes* him with the screwdriver, plunging it in his thigh!

Bol cries out and drops Zainab.

She lands on the floor and shuffles back.

She watches Bol drop to his knee in pain.

Zainab pulls herself up and runs into the living room.

She spots the chair.

She grabs it,

Runs to the window

Slams it into the window.

The window cracks, but doesn't break.

*Not like in the movies...*

She looks back, Bol picks himself up in the hallway.

She grabs the chair and runs back to the door,

Just as Bol reaches it from the other side.

She slams the door shut with the chair, crashing the door into Bol. He is shut out again.

She fixes the chair under the handle. Locking the door shut.

Bol pushes the door from the other side but the chair is keeping it shut.

There's a bigger push, the chair struggles.

It won't last long.

Zainab runs to the window.

She takes a deep breath.

And pulls the window upwards.

The nails nailing it shut begin to creak.

She cries out, summoning all her strength.

There's a heavy thud!

Bol breaks into the living room.

The window tears opens! She makes a 10 inch gap,

She ducks down,

And rolls through the gap...

...Just as Bol reaches her...

She falls out the other side...

...landing...

EXT. S. SUDAN VILLAGE - DAY

...On red soil.

Zainab hits the ground with a thud.

She remains flat on the ground,

She coughs.

Harsh sunlight beats against her.

She squints and shields her eyes, having forgotten the power of her old sun.

She picks herself up.

Her gaze rests on something:

A young Sudanese woman stands ahead her.

The young woman immediately turns and runs into a building behind her.

INT. S. SUDAN PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

Zainab cautiously follows the woman into the building.

She passes through the door, turning to find:

A large group of women sitting and standing within.

A moment of surprise, but soon a wave of recognition. One by one they begin to cry out in joy.

Zainab finds a wave of feeling come over her. Her eyes light up and her muscles relax.

She's HOME.

A girl charges at her and wraps her body around Zainab. Other women cry out and cheer. 'ayayayayayaya' A Sudanese scream of celebration.

And with that Zainab's heart soars.

The girl lets go, only for another woman to hug Zainab almost immediately.

ZAINAB  
(breathlessly)  
Samira...

And down come the tears.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
Stay with me...

The girl lets go of Zainab but Zainab resists. She pulls the girl closer.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
(gently begs)  
Stay with me.

More battle cries. 'AYAYAYAYAYA'. More laughter. More joy.

Zainab tries to wipe her tears, but tears replace tears. Hot. Profound tears.

She cries out 'ayayaya' with the women. They laugh.

Singing. One of the older women begins a song from Church. Her voice dances above the sound of laughter and joy. Zainab watches her fondly.

The woman hugging Zainab lets go, only to be immediately replaced by another woman. The woman kisses her cheek. Zainab whispers a secret in her ear and strokes her hair.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
(closes her eyes  
desperately)  
Stay with me.

Other woman join the chorus of singing. A melancholic, beautiful song.

Zainab embraces yet another woman. And soon, all the women are singing. Outside the window, the men of the village watch, bemused.

Zainab is singing with them. Her voice wobbles against her sobs. She's given up wiping the tears away.

And the women begin to sit. On the ground beautiful blankets are laid out.

Zainab sits alongside them. Ahead of her a woman: The oldest of the group. Her eyes old and kind. They face each other, whilst the others sit around them.

Zainab and the old woman stare into each others eyes as they both sing.

And when the song finishes, there's a great cheer. AYAYAYAYAYAYA. Whistling. Laughter. Giggling. Happiness. Suddenly there are huge cheers, whistles and battle cries.

The laughter begins to die down. They are left in a dizzy, drunk state.

A peaceful silence returns. Zainab wipes her warm and soaking face bashfully.

She returns her gaze to the old woman. Her smile fades. Like a sugar rush - the pleasure is temporary.

She grows solemn. She watches the old woman sadly.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
(in her native tongue)  
I know what you are, Devil.

The old woman stares back. Her smile kind, her eyes soft.



ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
 (in her native tongue)  
 You hide behind these tricks and  
 lies, why don't you show your true  
 face?  
 (Beat)  
 Are you afraid of us?

The old woman continues to watch, continues to smile.

But she doesn't say anything.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
 (in her native tongue)  
 I'm going home.

The old woman watches. She nods.

Zainab quietly gathers courage.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
 (in her native tongue)  
 Where is she?

OLD WOMAN  
 (in her native tongue)  
 Who?

ZAINAB  
 (in her native tongue)  
 My daughter.

The old woman turns to the other women, confused.

OLD WOMAN  
 (in her native tongue)  
 Who?

The women start muttering to one another.

Zainab flinches, unnerved by this reaction.

A nearby woman leans over and touches Zainab's stomach. She utters something and shakes her head. There's whispering.

The old woman kisses her teeth. Tutting, she shakes her head.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (in her native tongue)  
You have no daughter.

Zainab goes cold. Her heart skips a Beat. *It knows all their secrets.*

The old woman remains smiling. Confident.

Zainab breaks eye contact. She's been caught red handed. She looks away aching.

We cut back to the old woman.

Except there is no one there. Everyone's disappeared.

*Gun shots...*

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL S SUDAN - DAY

An empty primary school. Abandoned in a hurry. Class work still on the chalk board.

Through the window in the distance there is smoke. Homes are on fire.

Distant machine guns, distant yelling ring through the air.

A voice, far away, calls 'Zainab'. The voice sounds timid. Trying both to be heard and remaining discreet.

The room remains motionless.

The voice calls *Zainab* again, this time a little louder.

There's a shuffle in the room.

A small cupboard door in the corner pops ajar.

Then stillness again.

BOL (O.S.)

Zainab.

The cupboard door moves again.

Objects begin to spill out. School equipment, books.

Then Zainab.

She crawls out. She was in a tiny spot, deep in the cupboard. Who knows how long she's been in there.

*She's wearing what she used to. A beautifully colourful modern mix of African dress and formal.*

She struggles to stand, so remains lying on the floor.

BOL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Zainab

She achingly picks herself up.

Her clothes are stained with human waste. Her skin is dry and starved. She is shaking.

She notices something behind us.

Her blood turns cold.

We can't see what she sees. But it's affected her.

There's a noise, she flinches.

BOL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(coming from inside the  
room)

Zainab

Bol moves into frame. He embraces her desperately. *He's wearing a neat lightweight suit and tie. He carries a satchel.*

He hugs her tightly.

They remain embracing each other.

BOL (CONT'D)  
We have to find the others.

*But Zainab can't stop looking at that thing behind us.*

BOL (CONT'D)  
We have to find the others.

Zainab begins to shake her head.

ZAINAB  
We have to go.

BOL  
What?

ZAINAB  
It is just us.

Bol doesn't reply.

Zainab takes his thumb in her hand and she squeezes it.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
*We will live.*

She squeezes him tight.

BOL  
Ok.

ZAINAB  
Say it.

BOL  
(Beat - whispers)  
*We will live.*

Distant gunshots. They jump and disconnect.

They hold each other. But slowly bring themselves to depart.

Bol signals and they move out the room.

We follow as they leave.

In doing so we finally see what Zainab had seen - that Bol had somehow missed.

A pile of bodies and limbs.

Some cut up, some not, but stacked in the corner of the room.

It's the women Zainab had been with in the previous scene.

Maybe even everyone they know.

EXT. S. SUDAN DESERT - NIGHT

Night time in rural Sudan.

Bol and Zainab are hiding tight within cracks between boulders. They are almost invisible between the rock and foliage.

The glow of nearby fire.

It might be night but the world is *LOUD*

*The sound of terror. Screams. Shouts. Yelling.*

Primal screams.

Deep voiced angry orders shouted.

Whimpering, crying and begging.

A man starts whistling.

**THE WHISTLING THAT HAUNTED BOL IN THE HOUSE**

SCARY MAN (O.S.)  
(in his native tongue -  
whispering in a  
threatening way)  
Where are you?! Where are you?!

Dante's inferno would sound like this.

Bol and Zainab stare at each other anxiously.

*Much like Bol at the park he is making circles with his finger on his arm. Trying to remain calm.*

Out of focus, behind them on the ground, a man ablaze walks. He must have been set on fire by someone. He slowly stops and collapses to the ground.

EXT. S. SUDAN DESERT - NIGHT

We are in a sparse and flat desert / farmland.

Shadows move under the cover of night. The sky purple. The shadows black.

They are people, bobbing under the moonlight.

*A trio of flashes.* Alighting the night like a camera flash. For moment the world is lit up with white light.

The people are Zainab, Bol, and another man. As they move they are holding hands. They walk very carefully.

*BANG BANG BANG*

Gunshots echo in the far distance. Light travels faster than sound - there must be a distant fight somewhere.

They continue to move quietly, carefully.

The world fades into darkness again.

*A trio of flashes - The world lit up - In brief bursts we see a man (Attacker) with a machete raised above his head!*

*BANG BANG BANG* - The machete flies down, and guillotines the first mans head.

Zainab and Bol cry out. Bol falls back onto the ground.

The Attacker leans down and pulls his machete out of the dead mans skull. He looks up and spots Bol, flushed and terrified on the floor.

But Bol is frozen. Breathing rapidly he cannot move. Just big eyes and a stunned body.

The attacker begins to move towards him before the world fades into darkness again.

The sounds of a struggle.

**A trio of flashes.** And in the brief seconds of light we see everything:

Zainab under the Attacker. Pulling his body onto her. She is drawing the Attacker's machete into his own chest. Blood pours out like oil from an oil rig.

*BANG BANG BANG*

And then night again. And silence. Bol gasps in the moonlight.

We can only hear. Panting. Scuffling. Tussling.

Bol stares into the darkness. Terrified.

His body is shaking.

**A trio of flashes.**

Zainab sits on the ground. Covered in blood. Blood that is almost a neon in the electric light.

*BANG BANG BANG*

Bol stares at her. Shaking.

She turns to him.

Bol then turns away. He takes a few steps and stops. He lowers his head. He takes a few more steps.

Then drops to the ground. Mouth a-jar he is lost in a tide of feelings.

**A trio of flashes**

Zainab watches him.

*BANG BANG BANG*

EXT. S. SUDAN DESERT - DAY

Bol and Zainab are sitting in the shade of a tree.

They are a shadow of their former selves. Their clothes ripped, dirty and wretched. Any hint of colour and lightness, gone. Their hair longer, messier and filthier.

As Bol breathes we see the outlines of his rib cage, poking under his skin.

Rising up, rising down. Rising up, rising down.

He is looking at something particular.

The contents of his satchel has opened. His work, calculator, papers, and things are spilling across the ground.

The wind is picking everything up. Causing his tie to twirl away into the distance. His papers spin into the background. His jacket rolling on the ground.

He watches sadly. Finding himself affected.

His things leaving him. A quiet divorce.

As they fly away we see something.

A dead body on the ground. The surface of the body strangely moving...

*Because it's covered with ants.*

The body suddenly flinches. Bol jumps.

The person is still alive.

EXT. S. SUDAN VILLAGE - DAY

We are at the edge of a small rural village. Bol and Zainab move through it. They look frighteningly frail.

The lively crowd of people gravitate towards a truck. On the truck a trio of Europeans, heaving out bags of grain.

The crowd is seething. Men, women and children. Desperate teams of young children, some abandoned, move between the legs. Hungry and frightened.

Bol takes Zainab's hand and they begin to push their way to the front. Coming closer we begin to understand the action. The aid workers are preventing people from getting on the truck.

AID WORKER

Too many. Too many!

AID WORKER 2

We can't, I'm sorry.

Bol reaches the front.

BOL

Please. Help us.

The aid worker shakes his head. And continues his work.

A hand tugs Bol's legs. He looks down, an eight year old girl. It's Yaya. She stares at him in a malnourished haze.

GIRL

Mumma?

*Distant cracks of gunfire.*

Bol spins around. In the distance, with a dusty charge, men with guns on horses are coming.

The crowd panics. People scream and shove. People try and get on the truck.

AID WORKER 2

NO! NO!

The Aid worker looks up at the approaching executioners.

AID WORKER

Ok, Ok. Children. Children only!

He pulls up a mother with her child onto the van.

Bol watches desperately.

He turns to Zainab. Her face mirroring fear. The panic, the pushing, the fighting grow more desperate.

Bol bends down and swoops up Yaya. He holds her tightly against his body.

He grabs the AID WORKER'S hand.

His body quivering, his eyes straining. He begs with all his heart.

BOL  
(DESPERATE)  
**PLEASE!**

The AID worker swallows. He looks from Bol, to the girl, to Zainab.

AID WORKER  
(nervously)  
Ok get on.

He pulls Bol up, the girl in his arms.

Once up, he pulls up Zainab.

They sit on opposite sides of the truck, as more women and children are tucked in.

Zainab looks nervously at Bol. Bol is still shaking. Petrified. They all look so brittle.

He holds onto Yaya. She's confused and uncomfortable.

YAYA  
Mumma?

Bol tries to calm her.

BOL  
Shhhh

As he does, we hear a voice in the crowd.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Yaya?  
(Beat - louder)  
Yaya!

YAYA  
Mumma!

She starts to thrash. Her eyes are wide, terrified and desperate. Bol tries to subdue her.



YAYA (CONT'D)

Mumma!

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yaya!

Bol pushes her tight into his body, muffling her. She screams and cries.

The truck is still heaving with panic. People trying to get on.

A woman moves towards the truck.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Yaya!

The woman screams...

...Gunfire...

...Suddenly the truck is off. The crowd begin to shrink, fast. The mother disappearing amongst the bodies.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Yaya!

Heavy gunfire, the crowd disperse dramatically.

Yaya screams and screams. She's terrified.

Bol tries to remain calm, and hush the girl. But he is unable to. Zainab watches horrified. Yaya's eyes wide with fear, distress and confusion.

Zainab can't help but notice, at the other side of the truck, a mother with her child quietly judging her.

EXT. CAMP S. SUDAN - DAY

BOL is arguing with a man. Bol and Zainab stand before cars with open boots.

We are watching smugglers discuss business with refugees.

The smuggler is motioning them to get inside the car. But Bol is not happy about something.

As they argue, Zainab turns towards the camp.

Sitting in the dirt, alone, is Yaya.

Yaya sits, head towards the sky, watching the adults busy around her. Her eyes are red from crying.

She's quietly terrified. Dust is kicked up her face. Adults pay little attention. Yet another orphan.

But Zainab can't take her eyes off her. She's feeling something.

EXT. CAMP S. SUDAN - DAY

Moments later Zainab steps into the boot of the car.

She squeezes in tight, taking the shape of the boot.

It's an awkward fit.

Bol looks down on Zainab. Something is playing heavy on his mind.

When Zainab is in position, she holds out her hands.

*The smuggler passes Yaya to her.*

With a little protest, they push Yaya in tight.

Bol closes his eyes. He can't look at Yaya. He's visibly distressed. He steps back turning away.

He doesn't look at his wife as they slam the boot shut.

Yaya and Zainab disappear into darkness.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Zainab, Bol and Yaya are squeezed tight in a boat. They are amongst other Africans. Like sardines in a tin can, they are stacked ontop of each other. It is dark and we get a sense that they are moving.

Everyone is silent. A nervous tension from a group of people whom had probably never seen the ocean until today.

The sudden sound of a loud, mechanical bang.

Whirling gears come to a stop. Everyone's heads gradually turn to face one direction.

INT. S. SUDAN PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

We are back in the school with Zainab and the women.

Zainab has her eyes squeezed shut. The memories playing over and over.

She opens her eyes again and looks back at the old woman.

The old woman remains smiling. A poker face, leaving Zainab defenceless.

Zainab struggles to say what she wants to say. She has to claw the question out of herself.

ZAINAB  
(in her native tongue)  
Is she dead?

The old woman does not respond. Her gaze constant and unblinking.

And then she nods. Slowly.

Zainab doesn't respond at first. Instead she gives a little nod back. She remains stationery. A determination to keep composure.

But she looks away suddenly. Her poker face can't compete. Her facade is cracking. She closes her eyes to barricade the tears.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

There's chaos in the water. Bodies splashing around desperately.

Screams, yells, gurgling and choking in the water. Cries for help.

Zainab is tearing through the water. She is being pulled back onto a boat by Bol.

ZAINAB  
(desperately,  
breathlessly)  
Let go! Not me! Not me!

She's trying to pull herself away from Bol.

We can just about see Yaya amongst the chaos. Before another body heavily falls into frame. Collapsing onto her.

INT. S. SUDAN PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

Zainab remains composed. Her eyes closed. A few tears still manage to escape.

She is devastated.

The old woman watches back. Her smile has faded. She's sad.

The other women in the room watch too. Face after face. A diversity of faces, Tall, slim, broad.

They all watch Zainab.

They all share the sadness.

OLD WOMAN  
(in her native tongue)  
I can bring her back.

Zainab slowly returns her gaze to the old woman. Words almost as cruel as they are hopeful.

She watches the old woman with a new face. The old woman watches back.

The old woman hesitates, then goes into her dress.

She draws out a meat knife.

She places it on the cloth.

And pushes it towards Zainab.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(in her native tongue)  
Let me out.

Zainab stares at the knife.

It lays, nestled, snug within the dutch print fabrics.

Zainab stares at the knife hauntingly.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(in her native tongue)  
Sever his flesh. Give me his body.  
(Beat)  
Then I'll give you what you want.

There's a battle raging inside of Zainab.

She is silent for what seems too long.

The women all around her stare back at her.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Zainab begins to open her eyes.

The world is moving strangely.

*She is being carried.*

By Bol, slumped across his shoulder.

She is being carried back into the house.

Through the hallway...

Into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bol carries Zainab through the room.

He drops her clumsily onto a seat.

She blinks herself awake.

She watches her husband.

He walks with heavy, miserable steps. Vacant eyes.

He leaves the room, and moves towards the front door.

He lowers onto his knee and begins removing the handle again.

Zainab waits. Listening.

The turning of the screwdriver.

She turns her gaze to the kitchen worktop.

*A chopping knife sitting in the sink.*

Zainab studies it.

Bol lifts himself up and turns back towards the kitchen.

He re-enters.

He moves to the other side of the kitchen table, and slumps onto the seat opposite. Dropping his tools.

He sinks into his seat miserably.

Zainab watches him:

His eyes tired and distant.

ZAINAB  
I want tea.

Bol turns to her.

He nudges his head with approval.

Zainab pauses, then stands.

She moves towards the sink. She pours water in a sauce pan, places it on the hob. She lights the hob.

She turns her head.

The knife remains on the work surface.

*Bol is watching her.*

*Carefully.*

She turns away. She moves to the cupboard. She opens the door. She pulling out cinnamon sticks and black tea.

She puts the contents in the tea pot.

Zainab falls against the kitchen worktop. She squeezes her eyes shut. She builds herself up.

*She can do it, she can do it, she can do it.*

She spins around.

She freezes cold.

*The knife's gone.*

Bol is looking at her.

Zainab stares at him with a moment of confusion, then looks down.

He's made a deep slash up across his forearm. Blood is pulsing from it.

Zainab gasps.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

No.

Zainab stares, horrified.

Immediately the flame on the hob flickers. The flame starts producing a black, thick smoke.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Bol drops back onto the seat.

He looks deep into Zainabs eyes. His eyes aching with hope.

BOL

This is what it wants.

He pauses.

He finds the words he's looking for.

BOL (CONT'D)

Let me save her.

Zainab stares at him wondrously. Bol looks away slowly. Tears fall from his eyes.

Zainab doesn't know what to say.

ZAINAB

I...

BOL  
Let me save her.

He sighs.

He looks away.

BOL (CONT'D)  
I hated her.  
What kind of man hates a child?  
(Beat)  
How do you hate a child?  
Just because she dared to show me  
who I was. What I wasn't. What I  
had become.  
(Beat)  
I should have tried harder.  
(Beat)  
I should have saved her.

Zainab finds herself crying to.

Both filled with tears.

She looks away.

BOL (CONT'D)  
I dream of her.  
(Beat)  
All of them.  
(Beat)  
Even when I'm awake.  
(Beat)  
They're here.  
(Beat)  
In the cupboards and drawers.  
(Beat)  
Under the floors. In the walls.  
(Beat)  
I can't breath.  
I'm being punished.  
(Beat)  
I don't deserve to be here.  
(Beat)  
*What kind of man am I?*

The room is now thick with black smoke. Dirty, polluted smoke.

In the meantime, Zainab has moved over to Bol.

She lowers on her knees, and rests her head on his lap.

She's heartbroken. She wipes her eyes. Then closes them.

Behind Zainab, on the floor, a RED sand begins to pour through from the cracks in the floor.

Gradually filling the floor with a red sand..

The sand has shaped into a cone like pile on the ground.

Zainab puts her hand on his bloodied hand.

ZAINAB

Just a man.

And holds it.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

A good man.

A hand rises from the sand. Something is pulling itself up...

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

We're just two people, swept  
downstream, clinging onto rocks.  
Blaming ourselves, when all anyone  
can do is cling to rocks...

... The Devil tears itself out. An incredibly old man. Gaunt with deep black eyes that bleed. And a mouth that foams. It claws itself out of the sand.

Zainab gets up suddenly and hugs Bol tight. She presses her head against his. Her mouth against his ear.

ZAINAB (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Thank you.

Zainab kisses his head firmly...

BOL

Zainab...

The thing begins to crawl fully out. And move towards Bol.

Bol begins to move back in his chair.

He topples off it, falling to the ground.

The creature moves closer and closer towards him.

It climbs over Bol,

With it's other hand, the creature dips it's finger's inside Bol's wound!

The creatures's hand stretches his skin from the inside...

*...Fit him like a glove...*

Bol screams.

That's when the hand goes over the creatures head.



Zainab - who had quietly gone unnoticed reappears suddenly behind the creature.

The Devil moans as she thrusts it backwards, she falls on her back, the creature snapping at her front.

With the knife Zainab plunges it into it's stomach. It cries out.

Zainab stares at Bol furiously.

Bol stares back fearfully.

The Devil takes a juicy bite out of Zainab's arm. Its teeth ripping through her. She cries out.

Bol's expression melts into anger.

He charges at it!

He rips the knife from its stomach. And plunges it back in again.

The Devil screams.

The Devil throws itself ontop of Bol.

It's teeth snaps at his eye. Just missing!

It dips it's hand into Bol's wound again.

Bol cries out.

It rips the knife from it's stomach and throws it on the ground.

Zainab drags it off Bol. Clawing it off him with her might. It's teeth foaming like a rabid dog.

Its teeth snapping, Zainab desperately tries to get out the way of it's shard bite.

Bol lunges forwards. He pulls out the knife from the Devil's stomach and plunges it again into it's side. The Devil cries out and kicks Bol, winding him.

The Devil snaps at Zainab. Biting at her exposed wound again. She cries out in pain.

The Devil lunges towards Bol but Zainab thrusts the knife's blade into it's palm. Pinning it's hand painfully into the ground.

The Devil lurches back, unable to move.

Bol uses this moment to swiftly pull at a cable from the wall.

He lassos it around the Devils head.

Zainab spins the cable around its neck again, creating a knot.

Bol pulls at the cable.

Zainab does the same from the other side. The noose around it's neck squeezing tight.

The Devil snaps desperately.

They pull the cable tighter.

Either side of him like a tug of war.

Tighter,

And tighter.

The Devil screams and moans.

Zainab pushes its chin back with her foot.

Bol and Zainab cry out bitterly.

Until the Devil's head is ripped right off. Flutes of blood rush into the air.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

The Front door.

A hand knocks on the door.

We wait.

The door opens.

Zainab stands on the other side. Her eyes pass over her surprise guests.

MARK

Hello Zainab.

Mark stands at the door. With two more suited people. Perhaps superiors. He smiles, the other two smile weakly from behind.

ZAINAB

Hello.

MARK

(sweetly, softly)

Sorry to bother you, we just felt a quick de-brief was appropriate since our last visit. May we come in? You are allowed to refuse.

He says the last line jovially, like they are buddies.

Zainab hesitates for just a moment.

ZAINAB  
Yes. Come in.

Zainab opens the door wider.

MARK  
Thank you.

They enter.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Mark and his guests move through into the hallway.

The superiors look around as they do so. Clearly wanting to witness the alleged drama themselves.

MARK  
Thank you... I was hoping to...

They move into the living room.

Mark trails his sentence as he looks into the room.

Everything is clean.

The walls have been plastered over. Repainted.

The floor has been evened out. The place is tidy, clean and feels new.

On the wall, what's left of Zainab's necklace has been pinned to make a beautiful ring over the fireplace.

Mark looks first surprised, but this grows into an almost disappointment.

ZAINAB  
Don't worry, we dealt with it.

Mark pauses for a moment.

MARK  
...Oh... good...

SUIT  
What's that smell?

Zainab nods to the kitchen.

They move towards it.

Outside in the garden we see cooking on a disposable barbecue.

As we move closer we see Bol by it cooking.

He turns when he spots us. He smiles casually and moves into the kitchen.

MARK

Um, I don't think you're allowed barbecues Mr Dot.

BOL

It's how we like to cook back home.

MARK

You might bother the neighbors.

BOL

They're joining us later.

Bol smiles. Zainab shares the smile.

An impenetrable front made out of sugar and charm.

Mark can't break through.

He hesitates, then reapplies his own fake smile.

MARK

Oh great. Fantastic.

BOL

Yes.

His superiors cough and look at each other. If they were expecting a show, they're not getting one.

Mark still looks around.

MARK

(somehow sounds  
disappointed)  
Everything seems well...

ZAINAB

(agrees)  
This is our home.

Mark nods, slowly.

Mark studies Zainab and Bol.

The bandages wrapping around their wounded bodies. Faint markings of blood.

Mark is sure they are hiding something.

He starts to become a little restless.

MARK

(Beat)

But...

Mark feels a little uncomfortable.

Mark studies their happy faces.

MARK (CONT'D)

The problems...

BOL

Problems...

They leave him hanging.

He starts and stops.

Grimaces.

MARK

With the...

(Beat)

In the walls?

Bol and Zainab watch him.

He tries again.

MARK (CONT'D)

(nervously)

Do you still see *her*?

Bol pauses to think.

A long pause...

BOL

Everyday.

BOL (CONT'D)

But... maybe I'm not afraid of  
ghosts anymore.

I think that is our debt. To live.  
To remember.

(Beat - a moment of hesitance,  
humility)

I am getting better at it.

Mark watches him, not really understanding.

MARK

Right.

Mark and the other guests look at each other.

He smiles weakly.

He feels uncomfortable.

Bol and Zainab remain warm and friendly.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, this was just a quick hello.  
Thank you for letting us into your  
home.

The others nod and say their good-byes.

ZAINAB

(smiles)

Bye.

Bol and Zainab stand next to each other as they watch their  
guests leave and exit through the front door.

Mark takes one last, conflicted, look at them.

Then closes the door behind him.

*Behind the door stands Yaya.*

We return to Bol and Zainab.

They are surrounded by people.

*The house is filled with men and woman.*

*The dead. Not just bodies any more...*

*But faces. People. Men. Women. Children.*

*They occupy every crack and nook. On the stairs,*

*In the bathroom.*

In the bedroom.

Not a space unfilled.

And we cut back to Bol and Zainab.

They are alone again.

And for a moment, Bol's confidence wobbles.

But Zainab takes his hand,

And gently squeezes his thumb.

The End